Dear Mr. Weisberg: 1-19-67

I wish I could hear the radio talks believe me. You pay a fearful price to live in Kansas. We are going to move outside of town on 9 acres with a stream. My parents and I. My father has put up a big black mortuary gate at the entrance, haha, and if you don't think that's the talk of the town; he was Mayor of this town for ten years and people will talk whatever he does; but that gate is a symbol wellbeloved to me and it shuts with, if not a great clang, at least great emphasis. The acreage is part of what used to be called the Black Dog trail, an old outlaw haunt, and that pleases me too. This Black Dog is going to have the trail all to herself. The only thing I would like better is 900 acres on the Hungry Steppe, fenced.

I expect it will take me a month or two to get my thoughts on the mechanics of the assassination in order and set down. There are just two points I'd like to ask you about and maybe in that time you would have a momment to let me know. One, was that crossbar messed with in your AP copy of the Altgens as compared with the SEP Dec. 14, 63 one? As best I can see, it definitely was. And two, where exactly is the motorcycle officer (yes, I still have my yellow eye on him) located in that photograph, in regard to the right side of the limosine? I place him where he appears to be, beside the limosine, about five feet to the ~~left~~ right of it, at a position about even with or slightly ahead of the President. Why then isn't he in or around Z frame 255? I suspect he may be the reason for all that blue paint scattered all over the frames as published in the Nov. 66 Life, especially frame 240 and afterward. Some of those spots seem to appear in the black and whites in Vol. 18, but not all of them, as if someone got busy with the blue paint brush just before Life went to press -notably, the series of blobs around Mrs. Kennedy's

— over —

neck in Life 240. I maintain that anyone cut to blue in or out something in these frames would have been painting in the vicinity of the limosine. Same goes, for the blow up discussion you posted on 3-0? - the bottom half 210 is well spotty by comparison and it indicates to me they were working on the left hand side of those missing frames a made such a mess they had to eliminate them altogether. You know where was in the left hand corner of 210? my hair.

Thank you for saying there is nothing wrong with my prose. It's a matter of stamina. I am not too modest: I know I swing a formidable phrase but I am apt to strike out at the end of about three of them. Prose is a long art - the long meticulous art of the truly civilized. Poets are not too civilized. We like to leap suddenly out of the dark. Or to put it another way, poetry is still an incantation to produce the god. Poets (and witchdoctors and other magical operators) are impatient souls; and, like Milton, when they attempt the art of prose, they are apt to keep that old bullroarer going, in the sly hope that, if their reasoning won't prevail against the opposition, Queen Hecate will come and throw a bright bolt in their eyes.

Sincerely,

Beverly Brunson

Beverly Brunson
Box 296
Baxter Springs, Kansas 66713

I know of only one man in this entire country who, after planning to blame an assassination on a lightning conspiracy, actually, as an afterthought, ran in a couple of cars with Oswald's sketchy lineage against the Republican nominee and somebody who knows that to the American people one "Communist" is just like an another. That is his personal reason for this crime.

Jack Ruby is one of my favorite characters in this case. As soon as Mrs. Tice says the man she thought was Ruby at Parkland hospital was trying to give Governor Connally a kidney, you need look no further. That was Ruby.

And do you know what portion of the newspaper Ruby left face up in his room on the morning of the 24th? It would the part containing the "letter to Caroline" as the Reports tried to make out. If you need a study the exhibits carefully you'll see that what he left face up was a picture taken (by Altgens I think) just after the fatal headshot showing the back end of the limosine; and, poised over it, two big black boats on motorbikes. Needless to say enough light has been let into that end of it to obscure the action.